

Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

VOLUME III.

POMEROY, MEIGS COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1890.

T. A. PLANTS, A. E. McLAUGHLIN, Publishers.

NUMBER 26

Business Cards.

PLANTS & PAINE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Pomeroy, O.
Office in Edward's Building.

BURNAP & STANBURY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Particular
attention paid to the collection of claims. Of-
fice on Front street, at the head of Steamboat
Landing, a few doors east of the Gibson House,
Pomeroy, O.
2-25-ly

DUNFORD & LARSEN,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law and general
collecting agents, Pomeroy, O. Office in the
Court House.
2-2-ly

KNOWLES & GROSVENOR,
Attorneys at Law, Athens, Meigs County, O.
will attend the several Courts of Meigs County,
on the first day of each term. Office at the
"Gibson House."
2-16-ly

MARTIN HAYS,
Attorney-at-Law, Harrisonville, Meigs Co., O.,
will promptly attend to all business that may
be entrusted to his care, at the several State
Courts of Ohio, and in the U. S. Court for the
Northern and Southern Districts of Ohio. 3-3

W. R. GOLDEN,
L. S. TOWNSEND,
GOLDEN & TOWNSEND,
Attorneys at Law, W. R. Golden's office in
Athens, O., and L. S. Townsend's in Pomeroy,
Meigs Co., O. Prompt attention given to the
collection of claims, and other business con-
fided to them.
2-26-ly

PETER LAMBERT,
Watchmaker & Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jew-
elry and Fancy Articles, Corner street, below
the new Banking House, Pomeroy. Watches,
Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired on short
notice.
1-1

W. A. AICHEER,
Watchmaker and Jeweler, and wholesale and
retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and
Fancy Goods, Front street, below the "Remington
House," Pomeroy. Particular attention
paid to repairing, and attending to line. 1-1

T. WHITESIDE,
Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes, three
doors above stone bridge. The best of
work, for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order.
1-1

MCQUIGG & SMITH,
Leather Dealers and Finders, Court street, three
doors below the Bank, and opposite Branch's
Store, Pomeroy, O.
1-1

WAGGON SALT COMPANY,
Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near
the Furnace. 1-1

POMEROY SALT COMPANY,
Salt twenty-five cents per bushel.
1-1

DANIEL & RATHBURN,
BANKERS.
BANK BLOCK, Pomeroy, O.
Collections made and promptly remitted; Busi-
ness paper discounted; buy and sell
Exchange, Gold and Silver
Coin, Uncurrent Money,
Land Warrants, &c.
FOREIGN EXCHANGE
For sale in sums to suit. We are prepared to
do work in London, Liverpool, Swansea,
Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast, Paris, Amsterdam,
Baden-Baden, and other cities in Europe. Also,
Australia.
Money received on deposit, and interest al-
lowed time deposits, at rate agreed upon.
Jan. 17, 2-2-ly

GEORGE HUTTEL,
Merchant Tailor and Clothier.
THE old customers of this house will
please bear in mind that I am still
manufacturing clothing to order, in my
new building, on Court street, 2 doors from
Front, Pomeroy, Ohio. My facilities for get-
ting up work are excellent, and I warrant it to
be made according to order.

READY-MADE CLOTHING
Kept constantly on hand, Gent's Furnishing
Goods, Cuffs, Shirts, Collars, Gloves, &c., &c.,
in good supply, and I take pleasure in in-
forming my friends that I will shortly have an in-
creased stock.
Thankful for your former liberal patronage,
I hope to be able to offer inducements for its
continuance.
GEO. HUTTEL.
Jan. 3, 1890.—3-1-ly

CHAS. BICHMANN, ANDREW BURKERT,
BICHMANN & BURKERT.
NO HUMBUG!
"Small Profits and Quick Sales,"
IS THE MOTTO AT
Reed's Old Stand,
Front Street, Pomeroy, O.

WE KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND
A good assortment of Gold and Silver
Watches; German, French and American Jew-
elry; Fancy Articles; Clocks from \$2.00 to \$12.00,
every size and description.
Repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
done in the best manner, promptly.
2-1.

COALRIDGE MILL.
THE SUBSCRIBER DESIRES TO INFORM
the Wheat growers of Meigs and adjoining
counties that he will give, in exchange for one
bushel of good, clean wheat, 42 pounds of
fuel.

Persons wishing large lots of Flour made
can have it manufactured at 40 cents per bushel;
off to go to the owner of the Wheat.

Persons residing between Parkersburg and
Gallipolis, by sending five bushels of good
clean wheat, I will give one barrel of Flour,
pay the freight on the same both ways, they
finding the barrel.
W. C. WILLIAMSON
July 26, '90.—30-4

PLANNING MILL, NO. 1.
JOHN S. DAVIS.
OF the Sugar Run Planning Mill, there is a large
assortment of Lumber, either rough or
planed, on hand, which will be sold as low as
any other establishment can afford to. As he
is a practical mechanic, he will guarantee that
his work will be executed in a manner to suit
purchasers, and prices shall correspond to the
quality of the material.

All orders addressed to JOHN S. DAVIS,
Box No. 75, P. O., Pomeroy, or Montgomery &
Hodley, Wharf-boat, Pomeroy, will be promptly
attended to.
[May 22, 1890.—3-20-ly]

J. B. HAMPTON,
MANUFACTURER
SOUTHEAST CORNER OF COURT AND
Back streets, opposite the new Bank Build-
ing, Pomeroy, O.
June 21, '90.—23-ly

**SOAP AND CANDLE
MANUFACTORY.**
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS THE PLEASURE
to announce to the citizens of Pomeroy and
vicinity, that he has opened a shop on Sugar
Run, near the Tannery, where he will manufac-
ture, and keep constantly on hand, any article
in his line of business, and will assure that
he will give satisfaction in all orders, and will
favor us with a call.
N. B.—All orders attended to as soon as pos-
sible.
Pomeroy, I-1-ly

MONTGOMERY & HODLEY,
STEAMBOAT AGENTS,
Forwarding and Commission
Merchants,
WHARF-BOAT, POMEROY, O.
Keep constantly on hand
LUMBER, PLASTER, PAINTS, CEMENT, &c.
N.B.—Promptly request business, and others in
line of the above, and will give a call for
prompt forwarding elsewhere, as we are confident
we can supply you as cheaply as any other dealer.
April 10, '90.—15-3m

A. G. CROWLEY & CO.,
WILL HERBERT CARRY ON THE
Carpenter and Joiner business; Doors,
Sash, Blinds, &c., executed to order. From
long experience in business, we feel confident
of giving perfect satisfaction in all orders en-
trusted to our care. For past patronage our
thanks are due the public, and we respectfully
ask a continuance of their favors. The Mill is
a few doors above Williamson's Flouring
Mill.
1-16-ly

SAW & PLANING MILL.
DAVIS & BROS., Mason City, Va.
DEALERS in Lumber in the rough, and Manufac-
turers of Flooring, Ceiling and Weatherboarding.
Plans of all kinds done, and lumber sawed to
order; also kept constantly on hand Sash, Doors,
Blinds, &c. Our cash prices for dressed lumber
are as follows:
Sawed Pine Flooring per thousand : \$20.00
White Pine " " " " : 25.00
Weatherboarding per hundred feet : 10.00
All orders addressed to Pomeroy P. O. will receive
prompt attention. [May 15, '90.—18-ly]

JOHN ELBEN, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIST AND HYDROPATHIST,
tenders his professional services to the
citizens of Pomeroy and vicinity.
OFFICE, in John Geyer's Building, (for-
merly Jack Neitzling's), on Sycamore street,
nearly opposite Lowry's Tin Shop, Pomeroy, O.
Office Hours—11 to 9 o'clock A. M.; from 1
to 3 o'clock, and from 7 to 8 o'clock P. M.
Office Prescriptions, from 25 cents upward,
for cash. June 2, 37-4

A. SEEBOHM,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY
DEALER IN OILS, PAINTS, BRUSHES,
Varnishes, Dye-stuffs, Perfumery,
and Fancy Articles.
Front Street, Pomeroy, Ohio.
Prescriptions carefully put up. Jan. 9.—2-2.

REMINGTON HOUSE.
F. B. RIEHLE, Proprietor.
At the head of Steamboat Landing,
Front Street, Pomeroy, Ohio.

DENTISTRY.
S. T. BOGGESS, DENTIST.
Is located at
RUTLAND, OHIO.
WHERE he may at all times be found ready
to wait upon those who may favor him
with a call, unless he is professionally absent.
All calls from a distance promptly attended to.
Feb. 14, 1890.—7-6m.

POETRY.
SPRING CLEANING.
BY A SUFFERER.

The melancholy days have come—the saddest
of the year,
Of cleaning paint, and scrubbing floors, and
scouring far and near;
Heaped in the corners of the room, the ancient
dirt lay quiet,
Nor rose up at the father's tread, nor to the
children's riot;

But now the carpets are all up, and from the
staircase cry
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield
the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, this
house but now presented
Wherein we dwell, nor dreamed of dirt, so
cory and contented?

Alas! they're turned all upside down; that quiet
set of rooms,
With slops and suds, and soap and sand, and
tubs and pails and brooms;
Chairs, tables, stands, are standing round at
sides and at sevens.

While wife and housemaids fly about like mete-
ors in the heavens.
The parlor and the chamber floor were cleaned
a week ago,
The carpets shook, and windows washed, as all
the neighbors know;

But still the sanctum had escaped—the table
with its books,
Pens, ink and paper all about, peace in its
very looks—
'Till fell the women on them all, as falls the
plague on men,
And then they vanished all away—books, pa-
pers, ink and pen.

And now, when comes the master home, as
come he must of nights,
To find all things are "set to wrongs" that they
have "set to rights";
When the sound of driving tracks is heard,
though the house is far from still,
And the carpet-women on the stairs, that har-
binger of ill—
He looks for papers, books or bills, that all
were there before,
And sighs to find them on the desk or in the
drawer no more.

And then he grinsly thinks of her who sets this
fuss afoot,
And wishes she were out at sea, in a very
leaky boat.
He needs her at the parlor door, with hair and
sweat;
With sleeves tucked up, and broom in hand,
defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well,
there's nothing to be said,
So holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and
sneaks away to bed.

MISCELLANY.
Death in a School-Room.
A THRILLING SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Ting-a-ling-ling! went the bell on the
teacher's desk of a village school-room,
one morning, when the studies of the
earlier part of the day were about half
completed. It was well understood that
this was the command for silence and at-
tention; and when these had been ob-
tained, the master spoke. He was a
low, thick-set man, and his name was
Lugare.

"Boys," said he, "I have a complaint
entered. Last night some of you were
stealing fruit from Mr. Nichol's garden.
I'm thinking I know the thief. Tim
Baker, step up here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke came for-
ward. He was a slight, fair-looking boy,
about fourteen, and his face had a
laughing, good-humored expression,
which even the charge now preferred
against him, and the stern tone and
threatening look of the teacher had not
entirely dissipated. The countenance
of the boy, however, was too unearthly
for health; it had, notwithstanding its
fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast,
as if some inward disease, and that a
fearful one, was seated within. As the
stripling stood before that place of judg-
ment, that place so often made the scene
of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid
innocence confused, helpless childhood
outragued, and gentle feelings crushed,
Lugare looked on him with a frown,
which plainly told he felt in no
very pleasant mood. Happily a worthier
and more philosophical system is pro-
viding to men that schools can be better
governed than by lashes, and tears, and
sighs. We are fast waxing towards
that consummation when one of the old-
fashioned schoolmasters, with his cor-
vid, his heavy birch-rod, and his many
ingenious methods of child torture, will
be gazed upon as a sacred memento of
an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doc-
trine. Many propitious glimpses that
day!

"Were you in Mr. Nichol's garden,
last night?" asked Lugare.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, "I was."

"Well, sir, I'm glad to find you with
your confession. And so you
thought you could do a little robbing,
and enjoy yourself in a manner you
ought to be ashamed to own, without
being punished, did you?"

"I have not been robbing," replied
the boy, quickly. His face was suffused,
whether with repentment or fright it was
difficult to tell; "and I didn't do any-
thing last night that I'm ashamed to
own."

"No impudence!" exclaimed the
teacher passionately, as he grasped a
long and heavy ratan; "give me none of
your smart speeches, or I'll thrash you
till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little, his
lip quivered, but he did not speak.

"And pray, sir," continued Lugare,
as the outward signs of wrath disap-
peared from his features, "what were
you about the garden for? Perhaps you
only robbled the plunder, and had an
account to do the most dangerous part
of the job?"

"I went that way because it is on my
road home. I was there again after-
ward, to meet an acquaintance; and—
and—but I did not go into the garden,
nor take anything away from it. I
would not steal, hardly to save myself
from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that
last evening. You were seen, Tim Baker,
to come from under Mr. Nichol's garden
fence a little after nine o'clock, with a
bag full of something or other over your
shoulders. The bag had every appearance
of being filled with fruit, and this
morning the melon beds are found to
have been completely cleared. Now, sir,
what was there in that bag?"

Like fire itself glowed the cheeks of
the detected lad. He spoke not a word.
All the school had their eyes directed to
him. The perspiration ran down his
white forehead like rain drops.

"Speak, sir!" exclaimed Lugare, with a
loud stroke of his ratan on the desk.
The boy looked as though he would
faint, but with his longest and stoutest
ratan before him.

"Now Baker," he said "we'll settle
that little business of yours. Just step
up here." Tim did not move. The
school-room was as still as the grave.
Not a sound was to be heard, except, oc-
casionally, a loud drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse
for you. Step up here and take off your
jacket!"

The boy did not stir any more than if
he had been wood. Lugare shook with
passion. He sat still a minute, as if con-
sidering the best way to break his will
upon the child. That minute passed in death-
like silence, and was a fearful one to
some of the children, for their faces
whitened with fright. It seemed as if
slowly dropped away, like the minute
which precedes the climax of an exqui-
sitedly performed tragedy, when some
mighty master of the histrionic art is
treading the stage, and you and the mul-
titude around, are waiting with stretched
nerves and suspended breath, in expecta-
tion of the terrible catastrophe.

"Tim's asleep, sir," at length said one
of the boys who sat near him.

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed
his features to relax from their expres-
sion of savage anger, with a smile; but
that smile looked more malignant, if pos-
sible, than before. The evening of his
life, as he felt amused at the horror de-
picted on the faces of those about him,
or it might be that he was gloating in
pleasure on the way in which he in-
tended to wake the poor little slumberer.

"Asleep, are you, my young gentle-
man," said he; let us see, if we can't find
something to tickle your eyes open—
There is nothing like making the best of
a bad case, boy. Tim here, is deter-
mined not to be worried in his mind
about a little flogging, for the thought of
it can't even keep the little scoundrel
awake."

Lugare smiled again as he made the
last observation. He grasped the rattan
firmly and descended from his seat. With
him, and steadily steps he crossed the
room, and stood by the unlucky slumberer.

The boy was still unconscious of his
impending punishment as ever. He
might be dreaming some golden dream
of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was
far away in the world of fancy, seeing
scenes and feeling delights which could
really never be his.

Lugare lifted his ratan high over his
head, and with the true and expert aim
which he acquired by long practice,
brought it down on Tim's back with a
force and whacking sound, which seemed
sufficient to wake a freezing man in his
lethargy.

Quick and fast blow followed blow—
Without waiting to see the effect of his
first cut, the brutal wretch plied his in-
strument of torture, first on one side of
the boy's back, and then on the other,
and only stopped at the end of two or
three minutes from mere weariness.

But still Tim showed no sign of mo-
tion; and as Lugare, provoked at his tor-
pidity, jerked away one of the child's
arms, on which he had been leaning over
the desk, his head dropped from his
grasp, and his eyes, stretched wide open,
glared at some monstrous spectacle, of
horror and death. The sweat started in
great globules seemingly from every pore
in his face; his skinny lips contracted,
and showed his teeth—and when he at-
tempted to speak, he could only utter
length strangled words, and with one
of his hands he clung to the desk, as if
the tongue of a snake, and his strength
seemed, as though it would momentarily
fail him.

The boy was dead! He had probably
been so some time, for his eyes were
turned up, and his body was quite cold.

The widow was in the school-room,
and she was looking at the corpse!

A Tradition.
There is a charming tradition con-
nected with the site on which the Tem-
ple of Solomon was erected. It is said
to have been occupied in common by
two brothers, one of whom had a family;
the other had none. On this spot there
was sown a field of wheat. On the eve-
ning succeeding the harvest, the wheat
having been gathered in separate shocks,
the elder brother said unto his wife:

"But my wife, I am unable to bear
the burden and heat of the day; I will
arise, take of my shocks, and place with
the younger brother, being actuated by
the same benevolent motives, said within
himself:

"My elder brother has a family, and
I have none. I will contribute to their
support. I will rise, take of my shocks,
and place them with his, without his
knowledge."

Judge of their mutual astonishment
when on the following morning, they
found their respective shocks undiminished.
This course of events transpired
for several nights, when each resolved
in his own mind to stand guard and
solve the mystery. They did so; half
way between their respective shocks,
with their arms full. Upon the ground
halloved with such associations as this
was the Temple of Solomon erected—so
spacious and magnificent, the wonder
and admiration of the world. Alas! the
mystery was solved, but the certain
clue has been obtained as to the perpe-
trator of the horrible outrage. Her
carriage driver, who had been guilty of
some misdemeanor, and had reason to
expect punishment, is suspected, and has
been lodged in jail.

Female Farming.
Mrs. Elizabeth Langdon, of Rye,
Westchester County New York, has es-
tablished in that town a Female Farm-
ing and Floral Home for training young
females to the pursuit of agriculture and
floriculture, at the same time that they
are intellectually educated and formed
to the habits of domestic thrift; and she
appeals to all friends of humanity to aid
her in making the institution self-sup-
porting. The Farmer's Club of the
American Institute have endorsed her
project as being every way worthy of
support.

Correspondence.
EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:—Dear
Sir: Inclosed with this you will find an
Essay on "Vacation," by Miss Mollie
Lallance, of our place, which a large
number of her friends desire to see pub-
lished. It was read at the close of our
"High School." For easy naturalness
and simplicity of style, and for the vigor
of thought, I think it seldom equalled,
and very seldom surpassed, by those
beginning in the truly difficult, yet
desirable art of composition.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

VACATION.
The close of the session is at hand—
We have passed through our examina-
tions, and this evening's performance will
close the present session. It is near mid-
summer and nature is all inviting to the
tired student, who has been so closely
confined in the school-room from ab-
surdly dripped and oozed along the walls, and
the rumble of carriages overhead sounded
strangely in contrast to the ghastly dark-
ness and stillness into which we were
descending. It was the old theater of
Herculeum we were coming into—a
building as large as the San Carlos,
which is said to be the largest in the
world. We heard the bats flapping
overhead, squeaking and gibbering and
the unwhetted light disturbed them. We
passed through long galleries to the
stage, to the green-room—saw here and
there traces of vermilion ceiling or partly
effaced fresco—saw the places of the or-
chestra, and stepped on the moss-grown
stage. The very fact that it had once
been a place of amusement added to the
heavy, ghastly chill—the sense of death
and desolation. We saw the bases, with
inscriptions, from which had been taken
the equestrian statues of the "Two
Balbi," father and son, which we had
seen in the museum the day before.

Every space thus made must be carefully
bricked up again because of the living
town above. The first discovery of the
silence of centuries. How impressive
and awful it must have been to have
found them in these subterranean recesses,
standing silent, awful! I fancied
how that pale, strong, fateful face of the
mother of Balbus must have looked
when down in these oozy damps the
light of the discovering torch first flared
upon it. The history of pain, passion,
and sorrow, which have written their
selves on that strange face, must have
had a startling power, looking on it
in their stony stillness from the silence
of so deep a night of so long and stony
an entombment!

Our party was a large one—many of
them young and full of spirits, and trod
the desolated way with exultant, and a
word and light laugh—yet even the fair
young faces and the thoughtless laughs
had a ghastly, unnatural look and
sound in that depressing stillness. When
we emerged to the daylight, one young
maiden appeared to view bearing a
beautiful full-blown rose, which she
said she had picked up on the damp
floor below.

The blooming child of upper air
seemed to us an incredible marvel to
emerge from so death-like shades, and
we wondered and speculated how it got
there. Such, doubtless, once grew in
the gardens of that subterranean city,
and lying back in the carriage, and shut-
ting one's eyes, one might have fancied
it the ghost of a rose from some of those
buried gardens—a rose that should look
just like another, but should gradually
dissolve and fade from view in upper
regions.

POMPEII.
We arrived at Pompeii about twelve
o'clock, and went into a little caravan-
seral to get a lunch, before entering on
our explorations.

In an upper chamber, all hung round
with French lithographs, we took our
lunch. A man with a guitar sound our
way to the balcony, on to which our
room opened, and began playing and
singing airs, the very sound of which
seemed to say: "Be easy, have a good
time, dance and sing while the sun
shines."

The character of these Neapolitan airs
strongly reminds me of the gayer class
of negro melodies—the same strongly
accentuated rhythmical character and
sharp expression of time—the same care-
less abandon of gaiety. He sang, and
we laughed—he intimated *marina*, and
singing again, till we laughed more and
paid more *carlini*—he improvised syl-
lables and *amors* which led to more *carlini*—
but we were to good-natured to de-
mand, and altogether he made a good
thing of us doubtless, careless, jocular
and that he was full to his throat with
the sunshine of this bright day.

Pompeii is a much more airy and
sunny expedition than Herculeum. It
seems to have been buried by drifting
ashes, much as our fences in New Eng-
land are sometimes hid under snow-drifts
and over these drifts grass and flowers
have a green and gay. The excavated
part looks like a hill of green life
or mound, and only about a third of it
is excavated. Unlike Herculeum, the
work of disinterment is easy enough.
No superincumbent city to be disturbed
by mining beneath, and the material to
be removed being light, loose ashes, of-
fer scarce any obstacle.

The latest Irish bull we read of
is the case of an Irish gentleman who
in order to raise the wind whereby to
relieve himself from pecuniary embarrass-
ment, got his life insured for a large
amount, and then drowned himself.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.
Just as we had closed the last No. of
the *Cultivator*, we received an appoint-
ment, in connection with Mr. Klippart
and Dr. Robt. Thompson, of this city, to
proceed East for the purpose of investi-
gating the nature and results of the cat-
tle disease, of which we gave some ac-
count in the *Cultivator* for June 1. The
Governor of Mass. had convened the
Legislature of that State in special ses-
sion, to take further measures for arrest-
ing the disease. The Legislature of
Conn. had also taken the matter in hand,
and the State Agricultural Society of
New Jersey held a special meeting for
the same purpose. Mr. Klippart pro-
ceeded to Mass. Dr. Thompson to Conn.,
and we visited New Jersey and the re-
gion about N. Y. City. The cases in
New Jersey were ably conducted by Dr.
Gryce, V. S., of N. Y. in the presence of
twenty or thirty eminent stock raisers
and scientific gentlemen. The material
was imported to New Jersey by cattle
brought from N. Y. City; and after a
careful surgical examination of two ani-
mals, a bull that had died the day be-
fore, and a cow killed for the purpose
the same day, the disease was pronounced
to be the same as the one now extant in Mass.
The present location of the disease in
New Jersey are at Chatham and Newark.
A few days later, an examination was
held at Williamsburg, N. Y., opposite
the city of N. Y., where the swill milk
disease created so much disgust, a few
years ago, and here the "stump tail" or
swill milk disease, was declared to be the
same as the one now extant in Mass.
The gentlemen who conducted the examina-
tions are much better informed on the
subject than we possibly can be. At
least there can be no question but that
unwholesome stables, or stables of any
kind, have a direct tendency to hasten
the development of the disease, the same
as distillery pens hasten the development
of the hog cholera in swine.

Thus far the disease is known only to
be propagated by direct contact with in-
fected animals, and although these have
been unwittingly scattered over consid-
erable territory in the States above men-
tioned, yet we have strong and confident
expectations that the subject has not
hold of the public mind as to prevent
the further extension of the mischief, be-
yond the regions already infected. At
the time of our visit East, the slaughter
of suspected and condemned animals in
Mass. had reached to more than a thou-
sand head, and the value assessed at over
\$100,000. The best veterinary measure
is the complete isolation of healthy
herds from all contact with straggling
cattle from the East, and an early resort
to some plan for preventing cattle from
running at large in the streets, to vary
infection to herds within enclosed
fences.

As soon as the members of the Com-
mission can prepare a Report of their
investigations, the public will be apprised
of the result.

Lincoln Endorsed by a Political Opponent.
The *National Intelligencer*, the sym-
bolists of which are with Bell and Eve-
rett, but which will not stoop to per-
sonal detraction and unseemly abuse of
political opponents, thus speaks of Mr.
Lincoln:

"A native of Kentucky, Mr. Lincoln
has been for many years a citizen of the
State of Illinois, in whose Legislature
he served with distinction during four
successive terms. Elected to the House
of Representatives in the year 1847, and
acting at that time with the Whig party,
he was distinguished alike for the ability
and amenity which marked his career
in the discharge of his public duties."
Though of late years retired from the
walks of political life, he was selected
by the Republican party of Illinois as
their standard bearer, in the exciting
contest waged in the summer of 1858,
before the people of that State for the
succession to the Senatorial chair man-
nant by the expiration of the term of
service for which the Hon. Stephen A.
Douglas has been elected.

That selection was a tribute no less
to the political position held by Mr.
Lincoln among his confederates than to
the popular talents he is admitted by all
to possess, and the consequences of the
deep and wide public feeling that was
felt in the issue of the contest between
him and Mr. Douglas, his name acquired
a new celebrity beyond the bounds of
his State, while the manner in which
he bore himself throughout that arduous
struggle has doubtless largely contrib-
uted to procure for him the distinction
he has just received at the hands of his
party, assembled in general Convention."

A Sensible Doctor on Doses.
Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who
seems to understand physio as well as
poetry, has these words in the *Medical*
of the Massachusetts Medical Society, ut-
tered this afternoon on the American
greet for medicine:

"How could a people, who have a revo-
lution once in four years, who have
contrived the bowie knife and revolver,
who have chewed the piece out of all the
superlatives in the language, and who
of July orations, and so used up its epith-
ets in the rhetoric of abuse, that it
takes two great quarto dictionaries to
supply the demand; which insists in
sending out yacht and horses, and boys,
to outlast, outrun, outfight and check-
mate all the rest of creation, how could
such a people be content with anything
but heroic practice? What wonder that
the stars and stripes wave over doses of
ninety grains of sulphate of quinine,
and that the American eagle scurries
with delight to see three drachms of
calomel given at a single mouthful?"

New Orleans to Supply the North With Peaches.
It is expected that the peach crop of
Louisiana, this year, will be so large,
that the New Orleans market will be
overrun, and it is proposed to ship, by
express, peaches from Mississippi to
Chicago, where they will arrive at least
two months in advance of the season.
North. Arrangements are being made
by Adams' Southern Express, for the
transportation of the Louisiana fruit to
Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Louis-
ville, &c.